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BENJAMIN S. JONES, { Editors.
J. ELIZABETH JONES, }

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1848.

VOL. 3.—NO. 27.

WHOLE NO. 121.

From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review.
The Mexican War.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

(Continued.)

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish—
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

What has been the conduct of the famous

men of the world which entire efface show

the dawn and latest hold the lingering rays

of the departing sun; forenoon prophets of

the day when morning promises to come; most

conservative of light when darkness

shrouds the vulgar plains. But great politi-

cians are but the steeples of America, whose

topmost summit bears—a weather-cock—

There are, in America, amongst her children,

four famous men. We shall not now discuss

their general merits, nor attempt to decide

whether they are politicians—who interpret

the interests of a party, or statesmen who in-

carate principles in a nation's life. These

four tower far above the vulgar mass that

drive a thriving trade in politics; are most

conspicuous men—beheld far off at sea. They

have been long in public life, and all four may

be deemed competitors for the chair of the

President. What has been their conduct?

Mr. Benton spoke nobly against annexation,

and—voted for it. Voted also for the ties.

Mr. Calhoun—so often superior to party ties

—is the author of annexation, and voted for

the war. These two belong to the party in

power, and men might have looked for their

allegiance. The two others are hostile to the

administration: have they been hostile to the

war? Mr. Clay is a private man—and therefore

has not been called on to take any official

stand in relation to this matter. But in

December, 1846, at the celebration of a mem-

orable event in the history of America, he

was seated at table, and made a reply, which

was thus reported in the newspapers of the time:

"Although leading a life of retire-

ment, I am not wholly unobservant of the

proceedings relating to the condition, welfare,

and prospects of our country. And when I

saw around me—to-night, Gen. Brooke, and

other old friends, I fell half inclined to ask for

some nook or corner in the army, in which I

might serve, to avenge the wrongs done to my

country. I have thought that I might yet be

able to capture or slay a Mexican. I shall not

be able to do so, however, this year, but hope

that success will still crown our gallant arms,

and the war terminate in an honorable peace."

To add yet more to the shame of America, this speech was delivered at the dinner of the

Sons of New England, on the 23d of Decem-

ber, met to celebrate the laning of the Fore-

fathers of New England on Plymouth Rock.

Poor men! in that puritan blood of theirs

was there no tinge from the heart of the Pil-

grims! Could they not, on that day, amid

the feasting, the wine, and the revelry, amid

the great applause, could they not for a mo-

ment think of those outcasts of the world

who came in the name of Justice to found a

state! Oh, no. How could they think of that!

There stood one of the foremost men of

America, hoping to "capture or slay a

Mexican!" the son of some woman that never

injured him—who might go down, heart-

broken and refusing to be comforted, in sor-

row to her grave. Alas—could he have

known it—man, how soon is he doomed to

wep at the "inscrutable Providence," by

which his own son, the dear one, lies slain,

in battle—not slain by a great statesman, but

by some vulgar bullet of a nameless soldier,

who fought for his country, her altars, and

her homes, while the American volunteer fell

glorious and disgraced, a willing murderer,

in that war so treacherous and so cruel. The

father who had hoped to "slay a Mexican,"

shall find but sad consolation kissing the cold

lips of his only son. Is Providence so "in-

scrutable?" He who would deal death upon

the sons of other men—shall he not feel it in

his own home!

But the great champion of the north, that

man of giant intellect which dwarfs his three

competitors to littleness, himself perhaps un-

equalled among living men in magnificence

of understanding—he has stood on Plymouth

Rock, and his words which found a footing

there have gone as pilgrims to be forerunners

of mighty deeds—at least in humbler men!

How broke the thunders of that unequalled

eloquence, which so oft before had shaken

every heart! Did he thunder in the Senate,

and lighten all over the land till wondering

nations saw it from afar? Let us look at

This had condemned annexation. "It

struck a blow at the influence of our institu-

tions. Thank God I did not slumber over

that danger!" Ha had condemned the war;

it was "illegal," "unconstitutional, unjust;" a

"war of pretense;" a "presidential war;" the

President's action was "an impeachable of-

fense;" the Mexicans were weak, discredited,

the prey of military tyrants. She "has had

nothing that deserved to be called a govern-

ment;" and America is strong and united.—

In making war, the President had "very

much modified an important provision of the

Constitution." Yet Mr. Webster could say,

at Philadelphia, Dec. 2d, 1846,

"Nevertheless, war is upon us, armies are

in the field, navies are upon the sea. We

believe that the government ought immediate-

ly, in an honorable and satisfactory manner,

to bring the war to a conclusion, if possible.

But while the war lasts, [this unjust and

unconstitutional war,] while soldiers are

on land, and seamen on the sea, upholding

the flag of our country, you feel, and I

feel, and every American feels, that they must

be succored and sustained. They have done

honor to the country to which they belong.

Where can we look for such steadiness, calm-

ness, bravery, and modesty, as in these volun-

teers? The most distinguished incident in

* We have followed the report of this

meeting in Niles' Register. The language in

the Pennsylvania Inquirer is a little more in-

tense.

the history of our country—of the good con-

duct of the militia—of new raised levies from

amongst the people, in, perhaps, the battle of

Bunker Hill. I might go further and say, that at Bunker Hill, the newly raised

levies and recruits sheltered themselves behind

some temporary defense, but at Monterey the

volunteers availed a fortified city."

Not was that all; but the day before, address-

young men who probably had never considered

the justice of the war, nor asked whether

they were to fight for slavery or freedom—

he could cheer and encourage them to fight

in a war which he declared "illegal," and threatened to impeach the President for his

conduct of the war.

The idol is popular; to refuse its worship

is found dangerous; to oppose it is fanati-

cism; but to be on its side, to feed it with

money and blood, is "honorable," "patriotic,"

"popular." Well said the father of his country, in his farewell address: "Real patriots,

who may resist the intrigues of the fanatic

and the traitor, will be sure to be reviled and

scorned while their country is in peril."

Others—men or States similarly circumstan-

ced with himself—to act as he has felt obli-

ged to do? A non-voter makes but a sorry

figure when, clapping the voter on the shoul-

der, he cries—"Go on voting, friend, wicked

as I am; and when you have convinced the

people of the iniquity of your principles,

then reform the Constitution, or leave it as it is."

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The Methodist Church and Bishop Andrew.

FRIEND GARRISON:

A short time since, as I was addressing a large assembly on the connection of the Methodist Church with slavery, a minister of that denomination rose up, and charged me with bearing false witness, and added, with much earnestness, that *the church had even depoed one of its bishops, only for marrying a lady who held slaves*. A similar declaration has been often made, and I find the church generally believe it. It may be that the ministers know no better; though it is a defense of their hearts at great cost to their heads to suppose it.

I have before me the official proceedings relative to Bishop Andrew, in the General Conference of 1844, and will give a few very brief extracts. They were published by the Church at the Conference Office in New York.

After the subject had been many days under discussion, and no prospect of an adjournment had appeared, the four Bishops, beside Andrew, issued an address to the Conference, in which they say, (page 185)—

"At this painful crisis, we have unanimously concurred in the propriety of recommending the postponement of further action in the case of Bishop Andrew, until the ensuing Conference."

It was not done, however, and the discussion proceeded. At length, the following resolution was passed, as the sense of the Conference, (pp. 191-2)—

"Whereas, the Discipline of our church forbids the doing any thing calculated to destroy our itinerant general superintendency; And whereas, Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery, by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances, which, in the estimation of the General Conference, will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant general superintendent, it is not in some places entirely prevent it; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference, that he desist from the exercise of this office, so long as this IMPEDIMENT remains!!!

The yeas and nays were taken, and the resolution was adopted, 111 to 62.

After some further discussion, the Bishops issued another address to the Conference, proposing the three following questions—p. 211 of Records—

"First—Shall Bishop Andrew's name remain, as it now stands in the Minutes, Hymn-book and Discipline, or shall it be struck off those official records?

"Second—How shall the Bishop obtain his support? As provided for in the Discipline, or in some other way?

"Third—What will, if any, may the Bishop perform? And how shall he be appointed to that work?"

It was moved to refer the questions to a committee of three, but the motion was afterwards withdrawn.

The following, from page 216 of the Record of Proceedings, tells the rest—

"Mr. Mitchell proposed the following resolutions, in reply to the inquiries of the Bishops—

Resolved, First—as the sense of this Conference, that Bishop Andrew's name stand in the Minutes, Hymn-book and Discipline, as formerly.

Resolved, Second—that the rule in relation to the support of a Bishop and his family, applies to Bishop Andrew.

Resolved, Third—that whether any, and in what work Bishop Andrew be employed, is to be determined by his own decision and action, in relation to the previous action of this Conference in his case.

The ayes and nays were called on the first resolution. For it, 151; against it, 18. For the second resolution, ayes 141, nays 14.

* * * Dr. Winans said he should go against the third resolution. The Discipline of the Church knew no discretion in an officer of recognized standing, to withdraw himself from the duties of his office. By the two votes just passed, it was clear and unequivocal, that Bishop Andrew had an unquestioned standing as a Bishop of the M. E. Church, by a vote of a large majority of that Church, and the provisions of the Discipline; and he congratulates the South on the fact that they had now a RECOGNIZED SLAVE-HOLDING BISHOP, whose name appeared on all their records, after being known as a slave holder. And that Bishop A. has no right to elect, whether he would serve, or in what way he would serve.

Mr. Cartwright thought his brother Winans should be happy.

Mr. Cartwright—Yes; but his brother was only happy in the false fires of his own warm imagination.

The ayes and nays were then taken on the third resolution. Several asked to be excused, some retired; and the result of the vote was, ayes 103, nays 67.

Such, then, was the expulsion of Bishop Andrew. A subsequent Report of the Conference, adopted by a vote of 116 to 26, declares on page 232—

"The action of the General Conference was neither judicial nor punitive. *It neither accuses, nor intends a deposition*—NOR SO MUCH AS A LEGAL SUSPENSION!! Bishop Andrew is still a Bishop; and should he, against the expressed sense of the General Conference, proceed to the discharge of his functions, HIS OFFICIAL ACTS WOULD BE VALID!!

And yet the Methodist clergy tell the people, and make them believe it, and have done it in my meetings, that Bishop Andrew was expelled as a Bishop, for the crime of owning slaves.

* Yours, to expose such lies and hypocrisy,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

* A bill to repeal, in part, and modify the law of 1833, to prevent the importation of slaves into Kentucky, after a long discussion, was rejected in the Senate of that State by a vote of 17 to 19. A similarly unsuccessful effort to repeal that law has been made annually for many years.

* The true reading of Polk's declaration, according to Senator Clayton, is this—"indemnity for the past," means one half of Mexico, and "security for the future," the other half. Precisely so!—*Concordia Report.*

The Boundary Commission.

The Ohio Press of the 3d inst. says:

The speaker of the Senate laid before that body yesterday, the report and arguments of the commissioners, who were appointed to meet similar commissioners on the part of Virginia to adjust the disputed boundary between that State and Ohio. The commissioners of this State were Thomas Ewing, John Brough, and James Collier. They met at Washington City in the beginning of January. We understand that the commission has failed to secure the great object of their appointment. The commissioners from Virginia were willing to let the thread of the channel of the river be the boundary between the two States. But they insisted that the privilege should be given to the citizens of Virginia, of holding their "property upon any part of the river as securely as on their own shore; and farther that if the Supreme Court of Ohio should decide that this provision conflicted with that clause of our constitution which prohibits slavery, then, upon such decision, this compact for settlement of the boundaries, should become void and of no effect. It is evident that such a provision would, of itself, have nullified the whole compact, as the constitution of Ohio declares there shall be no slavery in this State.

FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY.—In the N. York *Sentinel* on Tuesday, a report upon the subject of "further protection to personal liberty" was made, which after referring to the constitution of the U. States, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, upon the rights of escaped slaves, concluded as follows:

The Committee are unanimously of opinion that the State of New York, had no jurisdiction on the subject of fugitive slaves from other States previous to the formation of the United States Constitution; and as the State Legislature is prohibited from acting on this subject, and as justices, sheriffs and other State officers cannot legally act under the law of Congress, it is unnecessary to prohibit them from doing so by statute.

The common law is sufficient, in its civil and criminal remedies, to punish all state officers who interfere with fugitive slaves.—The power of retaking fugitive slaves is with the owner, assisted by the United States judges and marshals.

TIME CHANGED.—One of the most celebrated lawyers of this city, received a letter from a client in St. Louis a short time since, in which he was commissioned with authority to hunt up, and apprehend a slave which had escaped from him, and who was playing the free man in Chicago. The lawyer, tho' no abolitionist, replied that he was not engaged in the business, thought it very doubtful whether any effort of the kind would be successful—if, however, he wished to persevere, it was possible that a lawyer might be found in the city, mean enough to undertake the job, but he did not know of any.—*Chicago Citizen.*

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The man that says he is a follower of Jesus and tolerates slavery and war, will do well to read Christ's sermon on the mount and see if he can find any justification for loading the persons of our brethren with chains, or perforating their bodies with lead and steel. Anti-slavery men should hold the example of Jesus continually up to the view of professors because his example and precepts manifest a strong combination of all the moral faculties unaccompanied by any of the propensities.

And it would be well to remember that as we would like to be taught, so we should aim to teach others; and only as we are willing to be condemned should we condemn.

Your Friend and Brother,
M. T. JOHNSON,
Short Creek, Harrison Co., O.
1st. mon. 13th, 1848.

(The following extract is from a letter from a friend in Medina Co. If it was intended only for our information, we hope to be pleased to lay it before our readers.—Ends.)

Loni, January 12, 1848.

DEAR BUGLE:

I find that Abolitionism, professed and practiced in union with principles of honor and virtue is quite detrimental to one's pecuniary interest, even in a community distinguished abroad for its devotion to moral principle, intelligence, piety, &c. et cetera, and classing its opposition to slavery as highest in the scale of importance.

Out upon the time serving and pseudo-religious hypocrites! The patience ascribed to old Job could hardly endure the mischief-making, canting, lying, and slavish character of the religious and morals which have justly distinguished us as a community.—But we shall improve space—we are not past redemption. Light breaks in upon us there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

Congress

Has now been in session over ten weeks.—

The Washington press daily floods the land with the speeches of members, most of which may truly be considered most grievous infections.

However, we may find, no doubt, Some crumbs of comfort—and we need 'em; Knowing though speeches may come out, We are not always forced to read 'em."

Speech-making, is doubtless expected of most of the people's representatives at Washington; but talking without acting is hardly worth \$8 per day. The main object of the members appears to be, not to legislate for the good of the people, but skillfully to prepare the way for the presidential candidate, each political clique laboring to promote the success of its own favorite. And they are so afraid their king will be check-mated, that they dare not make an important move on the political chess board. The Ten Regiment Bill—the nail upon which many of the Washington speeches have this winter been hung—had not at the last adjourned been acted upon. The Whig members dread coming to a vote; and it is natural they should, for politicians have a kind of hydrophobic horror of defining their position when times are so critical as they now are. The political elements are in such commotion that the shrewdest sailor on the sea of party cannot calculate the effect of a move, and fears lest a sudden squall should come upon them from an unexpected quarter and prostrate all their hopes. We have read of sea captains buying good winds from Lapland witches, which they united and set free as occasion might require; but if politicians had had such dealings with Lapland or any other witches, the charm of the wind seller must have lost its power, for there is not a demagogue among the buyers who can tell with any certainty whether the knot he wishes, yet dreads to tie, will bring him a fair wind, or a storm that will beat right in his teeth.

But action of some kind we suppose will have to come sooner or later, and it may be that while we are writing, the democratic Senate, and the yet more democratic House

have concluded, after ten weeks of talk, to do something—not because they wish to, but because they must; and whatever is done, will be done in obedience to the command of almighty.

or else it will prove a rare exception to the practice of both houses of the American Congress. What a solemn farce it is for the people to send to Washington year after year, a parcel of men who pretend to act for the benefit of their constituents, and to labor for the establishment and protection of great principles, while they are ever bowing down to do the bidding of slavery, squandering the public money for the advancement of their individual or party's interest, and making the nation infamous in the sight of every lover of truth. But what better than this can be expected of such a heterogeneous mass as Congress is composed of? These are professed

lovers of peace and men of war, duellists and anti-duellists, avowed abolitionists and determined slaveholders, men of piety and inveterate scoffers, tee-totalers and drunken blackguards, who all meet upon a common legislative platform, each recognizing every other as a fit lawgiver and ruler, a true representative of American republicanism and American morality, and bound together by the horrid oath of allegiance to this bloody Union.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 18, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—they ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, \$10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

1 Isaac Tresselt, Salem,
2 Wm. Lightfoot, "

3 Jas. Barnes, "

4 Benj. S. Jones, "

5 Elizabeth Jones, "

6 Lot Holmes, Columbus,

7 T. Elwood Flicker, New Garden.

8 B. M. Cawles, Astinburg,

9 Valentine Nicholson, Harveyburg.

10 Dr. Abraham Brooke, Oakland.

11 E. Poor, Richfield,

12 David L. Davis, New Vienna,

13 Simeon Dickinson, Chagrin Falls,

14 Sam'l. Brooks, Salem,

15 H. M. Case, Rootstown,

16 Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,

17 Stephen Reed, Ellsworth,

18 Isaac Tresselt, (3d pledge), Salem,

19 W. J. Bright, Hartford,

20 J. Millerack, Leesville,

21 Horatio Ruby, "

Notice to Subscribers.

This week we send out bills, to those owing for the Bugle. We do this not to amuse them but as an urgent demand for what is our due, and we hope that all will bind themselves morally bound to forward the amount of their indebtedness immediately. If you have not the money by you, borrow it and send it by next mail, or hand it to the local agent if there be one in your neighborhood.

The receipts of the subscription list have, by no means, been sufficient to meet the expenses of publication. Prior to the first of October last, this deficiency was supplied by one individual who advanced a large sum out of his own pocket. He is now in immediate want of the money thus expended and his only means of repayment is from the money due for the Bugle previous to that time.

Will you who receive bills forward immediately the money, as requested in them? In some cases the bills include merely the sum due up to the 1

Sale of Goods! Take Notice!

Those who were interested in the Fair at New Lyne know that very many articles were unsold. Some of them have since been disposed of, but most of them remain on hand. It is very desirable that these goods which were given to aid the anti-slavery cause should be converted into money; and as the members of the Salem Sewing Circle think the articles are just what the people of this vicinity would like to buy, and have moreover offered to superintend their sale, those who wish to procure any of them can do so by applying at the Rail Road Hall, Main St., near the Bank, on Wednesday the 23d, when the first applicant will have the first choice.

Do you want a bed quilt? You will find plenty of them there, some of them very splendid too; you can take your choice, for there is a variety. If you do not wish a bed quilt you may find a cradle quilt that will suit you. From the number of babies' socks among the goods, and the stockings and mittens for children, and the little aprons and dresses, and caps and bonnets we should judge that the donor thought at least one half the world was composed of juveniles; and not only is clothing provided for the little ones, but there are dolls enough to delight a small army of children. There are plenty of articles too that adult needs. Have you a horse? there will be an excellent bridle which is just the thing you need. A variety of needle books recently manufactured by the Salem Circle can be procured there—if you want a tidy one you can find it, or if you want one plain enough for aunt Sally or aunt Betsy you can be suited. You will also find there pin cushions, and toilet cushions, lamp mats and other worsted works; some of it very beautiful, collars and bosoms, shoes, reticules, book-marks, needles &c. &c.

Those who wish to circulate anti-slavery documents, and then keep the question before the people can procure them at the Hall on the day of the sale—such, for instance as the Narratives of Douglass and of Brown, both fugitive slaves, Phillips' review of Spoo-ner, Brotherhood of Thieves, Madison papers, &c.

But we have not time for further enumeration, nor do we wish to write a catalogue.—Come and look for yourselves and buy what you want—come and be suited in a purchase, and at the same time benefit the anti-slavery cause. All the goods will be disposed of at reasonable prices; no articles will be sold on commission; and the entire proceeds will go directly to the spread of anti-slavery light, the increase of anti-slavery knowledge.—At the sale at Ravanna last summer, \$100 was taken, can Salem do less than double that amount?

The Hall will be open for visitors at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and continue through the day and evening.
Admission six cents.

Cassius M. Clay

Appears desirous to maintain his anti-slavery reputation—at least in the estimation of some—and wishes the community to understand that he is as much of an abolitionist now as before he went to the war; and is he not? We think a great mistake was made by some in the estimation of his anti-slavery character previous to that event, and we doubt whether there was anything in his views of slavery & emancipation inconsistent with a crusade against Mexico. His anti-slavery was based rather upon policy than principle; he contended not for immediate, but gradual emancipation. The benefit of the white man of Kentucky, and not of the slaves of America was the great desideratum with him—so at least we have understood his position. We can readily conceive how, with such views, he could fight Mexico, or prove his allegiance to this government live in a Mexican prison. In doing this he sacrificed no principle, for with him no principle was involved in the movement, and policy may change with the rising and the setting of the sun.

But we designed to make no such comments upon his course. We took up our pen merely to introduce an extract from a letter he recently wrote to the Christian Recorder; and here it is:

"What is the basis of the whole fabric of Republicanism? That the majority rule—that the legitimate end of government is to secure the rights of all, minorities as well as majorities, is true. But suppose that the imperfections of humanity fall short of the protection of all the citizens, what are you to do? Give it all up, digest and fall back upon the unlimited despotism of a single man! Surely not. What then? Simply if we cannot all do as we please to do let the majority do as they please to do. Have you, gentlemen, found a better rule of action than this? Have you, knowingly and in good faith, entered into the partnership of the American government? You have agreed to play; you have put up the stakes; you have cast the die; you have lost! What say you—will you pay up? One pays up after a fight, another pays up after some grumbling and swearing, and the third pays up with a gentlemanly grace. Now which is the honest and sensible man, A, B, or C—the first, second, or last? You and I and the American people have formed this partnership of Republicanism: we have put up the stakes, we have said knowingly whatever the constituted authorities by legal majorities enact, that we will abide.

Congress says there shall be war with Mexico, we have said we are opposed to war with Mexico; we have done our duty; we have played the game and have lost! What shall we do? Shall we refuse to pay? You say, yes; I say, no. There is an end of it."

"Logic" brings us just to this point: shall we do what we have agreed to do or not? You say, no; I say, yes. You must either go with the government or dissolve the government. For my part, great evils as seemed to me the Texas iniquity and Mexican war, they were yet more sufferable than revolution and the dissolution of the union.—There cannot be any middle ground. If you refuse to pay when you lose, there is an end of all playing. If you refuse to carry out the enactments of government, there is an end of all government. Well, but the regular army ought to fight, not you, a volunteer.—Why ought the regular to fight? Because he is paid? If I committed a crime in joining the army, then did every soldier, who believed the war unjust commit the same crime? Why then denounce only me? If I committed a crime in going to the war, then did every man in America, denying the justice of the war, who contributed money by paying taxes, or who gave aid and comfort to the army commit the same crime? If there was a man who opposed the justice of the war, who did not use all the energies and means, which, after providing first for himself and his, he owes universal man, in aid of the Mexicans and against the American army, that man committed the same crime.—I go boldly a step beyond all this, every man believing the Mexican war unjust, unless holding the doctrine of non-resistance, who did not take up arms against the Americans, and who was not ready to peril his life in the Mexican cause, that man committed the same crime. Let impartial reason then determine, who has been the victim of "logic" you, or I. Once more. The jury is the legal creature of the government; the prisoner has undergone a fair trial; all the forms of the law have been complied with; he is condemned to be hung to death. You individually think the man innocent, or you are opposed to capital punishments; will you hang him? If you think with me, you will, if not you will quietly retire and leave me to do it! You are a coward in such case. I say either hang him, or help him. So much for logic."

"You must either go with the government, or dissolve the government." This we think a true position, and the arguments Cassius M. Clay has used to prove it, and the illustrations he presents are to the point. And we ask, reader, will you go with the government, or will you dissolve the government? Are you for obedience or for revolution? Are you for doing wrong as a part of the National organization, or for doing right as an individual? If you go for the government, then to be as consistent as was Cassius M. Clay—you must do as he did, and volunteer to fight the Mexicans.

Auburn Convention vs. National Era.

The Liberty League—which claims to be the legitimate Liberty party—at its recent convention at Auburn, N. Y., adopted the following preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, It is proposed to establish in the city of Washington a newspaper, which shall be the open and unqualified advocate of slavery, and, whereas, in the event of its establishment, it will be very important to have there a Liberty party newspaper also—a newspaper, which shall be efficient for the overthrow of slavery, by faithfully representing and inculcating the distinctive features of that party—the principle, for instance, that the Federal Constitution is a positively pro-slavery instrument; and that, instead of providing power, as this Editor supposes, to seize the fugitive, and thereby create slavery even within the limits of a free State, it provides power to overthrow slavery within the limits of every slave State—the principle, for instance, that the laws, by which slaveholders retain their fellow men in slavery, are entitled to no more respect than the laws of any other pirates; and that it is right—a high and Heaven-required duty—the Editor of the National Era interprets it, a positively pro-slavery instrument; 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POETRY.

The Armies.

BY BUGANNE.

PRESENT.

Have ye seen the marshalled armes,
Threat'ning heaven with dire alarms?
Gorgeous banners wave above them,
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!
Lo! their steeds the earth are trampling—
Hark! their brizzen trumpet's clang,
And the sulph'rous clouds of battle
Like a pall above them hang.

Shakes the ground beneath their onset—
Quakes the sky with answering dread;
And the iron waltz of battle
Whirls along with clashing tread;
Flash the flaming tongues of muskets—
Pleads the cannon's angry roar—
And the shell's loud diapason
Swells the awful din of war!

Besom-like, sweeps on the tempest,
Iron drops of murderous rain,
Thunderous fall the bolts of battle,
Crimson rivers cross the plain;
Islands rise where fall the bravest,
From the earth they spring to being—
To the earth are trod again.

Iron hoofs are on men's bosoms—
Hearts are crushed by cannon wheels;
Still the drum-beat gaily soundeth—
Still the cheering bugle peals.
Ranks like chaff, are swept from being—
In the winnowing whirl of fire;

Still the trumpet merrily clangeth,
Still the flags are mounting higher?

Back, back, behind those armies,
Moves with feeble steps and slow;

Ranks of pale and faded maidens,
Cled in garbs of sable woe;

Lines of orphaned babes and widows,
Dying mothers—childless sirens,
Merrily still resounds the bugle,
Brightly gleams the battle fire.

FUTURE.

Son! look forth where shines the Future,
Lo! where march, in radiant lines,
Glorious hosts with snow-white banners:
Banners bright with holiest signs:

Gleams the Press in golden glory,
Shines the Plough in silken pride,
Waves float the flashing Anvil,
Floats the ponderous sledge beside.

Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,
Bear those gleaming flags above;

Men with lips and eyes of gladness,
Valiant souls and hearts of love;

Rings o'er earth their loud boozans,

Soar to Heaven those banners fair:

Hark! the eternal concave echoes,
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

O'er earth's plains sweep on those armies!

Mountains fall beneath their blows;

Lo! they choke the red volcanoes!

Roll their cars through black morasses,

Dark massas flies before them:

Shinks in dread the hot Simon!

Gleam with golden grain the deserts,

Shine the swamps with flow'rets bright:

Still march on those glorious armies,

Wave their flags in radiant light!

Ocean's storms to them are playthings:

Chained are Earth, and Fire, and Air;

Merrily rings their loud-voiced anthem,

Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Following close these conquering armies,

Dancing on with twinkling feet,

White-armed maidens and flower-crowned

children,

Haste those warrior men to greet,

Hands are clasped in holiest union,

Joy, like incense, soars above!

Hail! Great God! the Industrial armies!

Hail the Eternal Feast of Love!

Western Exchange, Phila., Dec. 11, '47.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
Treating a Case Actively.

3 STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

I was once sent for, in great haste, to attend a gentleman of respectability, whose wife, a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. H—— in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. H——?" I asked, on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he has been greatly distressed."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his hand and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indications of actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" I asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours? He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it is apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray, what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H—— looked anxiously in my face.

I delicately hinted that he might, possibly, have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may

give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

This urged, I after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But, he still lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, Doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved, he must die."

By this time, several friends and relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed mustard plasters to his body; another his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, Doctor?" I asked one of the friends. "Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, Doctor," said the wife. "He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, Doctor! No spirits of any kind, nor even wine in the house," returned Mrs. H—— in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be the nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H——. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

"But the delay, Doctor," urged the friends. "No harm will result in it, be assured."

I replied.

But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Doctor S—— came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going to be back by the time Doctor S—— arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H—— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

When Doctor S—— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Dr. S—— thought a moment, and then said—

"Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked in the face of Doctor S—— with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do. But he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. H—— was affected in a high degree.

The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady, an' thin come starvation where full and plenty war afore. A woe some change came over us; all; everything was sold to gather the rint; even my own little goldfinches; sun' tain that I gradged it. Mother didn't sing thin, and when she rises from the grave she'll see I kepter word. Och! lady, didn't I feel better when she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words and the sweet smile? I always stay beside the grave except when hunger, that has no nature in it, drives me away.

These fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazzlingly at him; but now everything seems swimming before my eyes, full of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the crahins! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morning, when I saw a little flower in the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me; it looked like a blue eye full of tears. No one else spoke kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it speak? Yes, it told me the great God made it, an' sent it there to comfort me; an' to say He'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked him on my knees, although I don't know much about Him at all. I wish I did.

Thin when I looked up, I thought of Norma, an' how happy she was; looking down, may be wid her face all covered wid sunshines: an' I fel a sort of gladness; but when I remembered my father an' mother, the pain shot through me again. For they say they're in purgatory, and must stay there a long time for dying widow the clergy. That's what kills me entirely; to think of my poor father that never said an ill word to me, and my own gentle-tempred, soft-natured mother that would lif a worm sooner nor tread on it, to be in such burning pain! My head burns when I think of it. I'd rather live anyway, for I couldn't be there looking at mother suffering; an' I know I wouldn't go to heaven, because I'm not innocent, like Norah. If I'd only strength, I'd wear my knees out, prayin' round the "stations" to get 'em out; but that will never be, for my heart strings warred round my mother and they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

I was a child afore all the woos happened to me. I don't feel like a child now, though it's not many months since, for O lady, my heart is grown old. I didn't break my fast yesterday; but when I try to ax for something, the blood comes into my face, an' I tell my story, 'tis too common a one to be minded, an' they won't believe I'm telling truth; for they don't know how heavy my heart is, or the squeezing in my heart. People aren't pitiful at all now; nothing shuts up the heart like famine; it has saved and wonderful power, for it puts mother out of my head. Sometimes I'm afraid I'm too weak to get back to the grave. I wouldn't live it all, only for fear of the purgatory.

Lady, your speech is gentle, an' your eyes are full, like the flower in the grass. We say we will shelter an' feed me. O, if ye could give me back my darling mother! An' ye say she isn't in purgatory; but, when I remember my father an' mother, the pain射 through me again, the heart strings warred round my mother and they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

She was the first I ever saw die; but twasn't to get a strange thing to me. My father got work at last, but the power to do was going fast. And mother 'ud keep the bad bite an' sup in the house for him, when he'd come in, and make him believe that she ate afore, and pretend she was giving him her lavings, an' laugh an' joke with him. Och! but her laugh had a quare sound thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'ud make my flesh creep; but you war always minding everybody, barring yourself, mother dear!

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of H—— opened, and he looked with half surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief's the matter?" he said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon.

"Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! What ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there, now; and she spoke soothingly, 'don't say a word, but it's very still.'

"But my head! What's the matter with my head? It feels as if sealed. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, Sarah! And my arm? What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the Doctor?" I suggested.

"I am afraid it is apoplexy," she replied. "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he has been greatly distressed."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed. Sure enough his face was purple, and his breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his hand and face was tinged, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indications of actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" I asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied. "I think if we let him alone, it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours? He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think the case is so dangerous, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it is apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray, what do you think it is, Doctor?"

Mrs. H—— looked anxiously in my face.

I delicately hinted that he might, possibly,

have been drinking too much brandy; but to this she positively and almost indignantly objected.

"No, Doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, Doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may

"Hush! There! Do, for Heaven's sake! be quiet. Every thing depends upon it!"

With a gesture of impatience, H—— shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, penitent voice—

"Too bad! Too bad! Too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impressions of H——'s disease, neither had Dr. S——, although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these:

H—— had a weakness. He couldn't taste wine nor strong drink, without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and he, by good resolutions, tried to bring about a reform. But, to see was to taste, to taste was to fall. At last, his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, to see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him in the carriage-house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this bottle, brought on the supposed apoplexy.

Doctor S—— was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the prediction. The cure was effectual. H—— kept quiet upon the subject, and bore his shaven head upon his shoulders, with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores, made by the blaster, had disappeared, concealed the barber's work, until his own hair grew again. He never ventured upon wine or brandy again, for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out, as leak out such things always will, the friends of H—— had many a hearty laugh; but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact that they knew anything more than appeared of the cause of his supposed illness.

When Doctor S—— came, we conversed aside for a few minutes, and I gave him my views of the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient. There were still no signs of approaching consciousness.